

smile for the paparazzi

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smile for the paparazzi

by [baihu \(orphan_account\)](#).

Summary

Hawks tagged you in a post, the notification says. Enji has the photo open before he even registers what he's doing.

Notes

**** PLEASE have your site skins turned on!** this fic relies heavily upon CSS-based social media interludes, and if you've turned creator skins off, it won't be the same.

additionally, the social media in this fic is Japan-based but written through a Western perspective. my familiarity with JP social media nuances only goes so far, unfortunately, so I wrote what I know. regardless, I hope you enjoy!

and shoutout to my close friend who drew cute little Hawks LINE stickers for the text convos in this fic! thank you so much.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

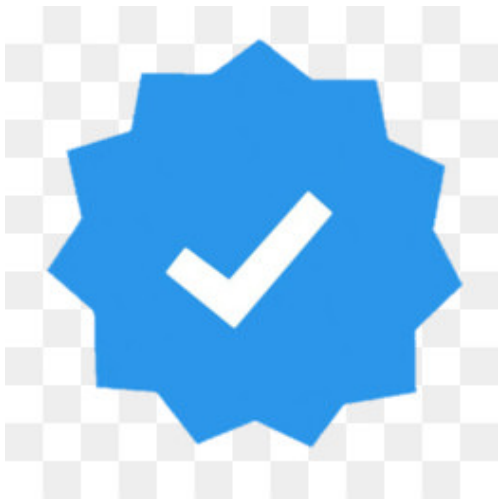
It starts out so *innocently* (though, when Enji thinks back upon it, there is no *innocence* in his relationship with Hawks).

A trip to Shibuya. Off-the-clock, inconspicuous – shopping for some necessities, browsing storefronts and keening his gaze to gaudy advertisements, hoping to find some small gifts to surprise the kids with (even if he has no fucking clue what they'd like, and mentally kicks himself for that), and, perhaps, begin to bridge the massive rift that has formed in their family. He ducks into 109Men's and peruses some of the retail stores inside, wandering aimlessly through the departments. And that's when he sees *it*.

A sleek, low-lit glass display encasing a row of perfectly-polished watches. *Expensive* watches, he notes, eyes flitting from price tag to price tag. And there's one – middle of the row, the second most expensive of the lot – that he's *drawn* to. The design is eye-catching: gleaming stainless steel, accented by copper on the bezel and glossy leather on the wristband. Beneath the face, a stylized red wing curves around the centerpoint of the hands, embellished with care. Instantly, Enji's mind is on *him*, and he thinks about how stupidly *perfect* it is for Hawks. He asks the salesclerk if she can take it out of the case so he can examine it closer. She obliges. Ten minutes later, he walks out of 109Men's with the watch complementarily gift-wrapped, the original purpose of his shopping trip forgotten, thoughts of Hawks churning in his mind like dark, dangerous clouds.



hawks





293,441 likes

hawks new bling @endeavor View all 5,629 comments



山本



@den00318

@ba_tsu23 did you see the hawks insta post http://www.instagram.com/p/Blb_c...



1



@ba_tsu23

@den00318 God I love him



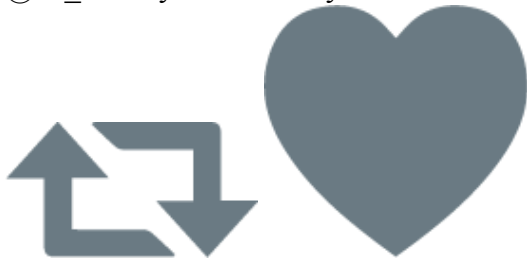
山本



@den00318



@ba_tsu23 yeah but did you see that he tagged endeavor in it



1



@ba_tsu23
@den00318 Interesting





@ba_tsu23

@den00318 Wonder if he's hinting at a team-up soon..





山本



@den00318

@ba_tsu23 god i hope so i love them



1

Enji is in his office replying to emails when the notification lights up his phone. Instagram – something he’d been badgered into making an account on by his coworkers, and had subsequently left to the management of his PR assistant to maintain his public face on social media. He checks it infrequently, mindlessly scrolling through the timeline during an occasional bout of boredom; recently, though, he’s found himself tapping on the app more often than the norm and scrolling down, down, looking for that familiar username.

hawks tagged you in a post, it says. Enji has the photo open before he even registers what he’s doing.

New bling, the caption reads, Hawks wearing the watch Enji had purchased for him. *Flaunting* it. The sight fills him with a flurry of feelings – annoyance, and the smallest bit of pleasure, though he’s loathe to admit it to himself. Hawks is wearing the watch. Hawks *likes* the watch, enough to devote an enigmatic post to it, broadcasting it to his several million followers. Enji finds himself relieved that Hawks appreciated the gift beyond the cordial *damn, thanks!* he’d gotten in return when he’d given it to the other man, but frustrated because it feels, oddly, like Hawks is sharing a piece of their relationship (or lack thereof, if one can call occasional, rough, no-strings-attached sex a *relationship*) with the public. It’s odd, and the thought begins to frustrate Enji more than the stupid picture does, because he realizes he’s begun to feel some degree of possessiveness; like Hawks is *his*, and the watch is a small symbol of the claim he’s staked. Enji realizes how inane the notion is, but at the same time, he *likes* it – *likes* the idea of Hawks flaunting something Enji had purchased him, something *expensive*. The thought twists something in his gut, deep and hot.

He shakes his head, clears it, and opens LINE.

Hawks

Don’t tag me in your posts.

you didn’t like it?

No.

aww, why?



I don’t want the public to know about things I’ve bought you.

i like that they know

and i really dig the watch

feels kinda hot wearing something you bought me



was it expensive?

Very.

does that make you, like, my sugar daddy

Don't push it.

kidding, kidding

what are you doing rn?

Work.

it's like 11 at night, wtf work do you have left

i'm coming over

i want to show you just how much i appreciate your gift

Enji doesn't bother replying; he knows Hawks will come over, regardless of what he says.

A half hour later, Hawks strolls through his door, wearing only a baggy black tank-top with the sleeves cut halfway down his torso, jeans that cling deliciously to his ass, and a cheshire grin upon his face. Hawks saunters behind his chair, drapes his arms over Enji's shoulders and presses his warm palms lazily to his chest; Enji represses a shiver at the feeling of fingers ghosting over his nipples beneath his shirt, and glances at Hawks's wrist from the corner of his eye. The watch is there, the metallic red of the emblazoned wing catching a ray of the low-lit lamp upon Enji's desk. Polished, like it hasn't been touched since the day Enji purchased it in Shibuya.

Hawks laves hot, open-mouthed kisses up Enji's neck, pausing at the curve of his chin and teasing the skin there with a gentle nip. One of his hands slides up Enji's chest, his fingers skittering over the skin of his neck, coming to rest at the bottom of his scar, thumb tracing the marred skin. "Time to go off the clock, old man," he murmurs, low.

Enji exhales and slams his laptop shut. He can already feel his cock aching, begging to be buried inside Hawks; there's zero chance of him being able to get any more work done tonight, so he stows the device away in the top drawer of his desk and leans back in his chair, indulging Hawks's incessant *touching* for a few silent moments before muttering, "Lock the door."

"It's almost midnight," Hawks replies flatly. "Who the fuck is gonna walk in on us?"

Enji turns, grabs Hawks roughly by the chin and forces the other man to meet his eyes. “Did I ask for your opinion? Just do it.”

“Fine, fine.” Hawks acquiesces easily, batting Enji’s hand away and meandering to the door. Enji hears the distinct, concern-assuaging *click* of his office door’s lock as he stands, and Hawks trots back, stands in front of Enji and looks up at him with lust-lidded eyes and those pretty, cocksucking lips drawn into a lazy smile.

“Finally,” Hawks breathes. One of his hands toys with the buckle on Enji’s belt, the other palming his heavy cock. “I’ve been meaning to thank you for the gift.”

Enji threads a hand through the hair at the back of Hawks’s head and he *pulls*, forcing Hawks to crane his neck; he watches the younger man’s Adam’s apple bob as a delicious moan snakes its way past his lips.

“Thank me by getting on your knees.”

Ever-obedient, Hawks is quick to do so. He leans forward, mouths Enji’s cock through the fabric of his pants while his nimble fingers work the belt buckle open.

“Good boy,” Enji mutters. As Hawks undoes his pants, takes his thick cock out and strokes it, Enji catches a glint of light that draw his eyes to the watch, and the lust simmering within the pit of his stomach *flares*.

Later, when he has Hawks bent over his desk, writhing and moaning and white-knuckling the edge of the wood as he’s pumped full of cum, Enji’s gaze snaps once more to the gift that adorns the younger man’s wrist. A symbol. *Mine*, it says. *Mine, mine, mine*, he thinks with each hard thrust, fucking Hawks into the desk as the younger man’s wings stutter erratically with pleasure and he begs for *more* like a whore.

Enji *likes* this new feeling, he decides.



HERO! Magazine



@HEROweekly

This week, we sat down with the No. 2 Pro Hero, Hawks, to discuss the Billboard Chart, Lifestyle, and Childhood Heroes <https://www.heroweekly.co.jp/hero/news/no-2-pro-h....>



10.1k



17.8k



hawks



@hawks

had a great time hanging out with @HEROweekly go give them some love



No. 2 Pro Hero Hawks talks Billboard Chart, Lifestyle, and Childhood Heroes

Posted by Suzaki T. | Hero News | 2 Hours ago

The recent Hero Billboard Chart JP event saw the ascent of many heroes up the ranks of the pro scene following All Might's retirement and the subsequent end of his reign as Japan's top hero. Endeavor, having long stood in the shadow of All Might's ranking, has finally secured the No. 1 podium – leaving large shoes to fill as the beloved winged hero, Hawks, steps into the No. 2 spotlight. Earlier this week, we sat down with Hawks to find out what life has been like since he came onto the pro scene, and what the No. 2 spot means to him.

HERO!: Well – let me start by saying congratulations to you on your recent Billboard ranking, and it's an honor to have you with us.

HAWKS: Yeah, yeah, of course! And thanks – honestly, it's an honor for *me* to be here. [laughs] I'm a big fan of you guys.

HERO!: Really?

HAWKS: Mm-hm. I grew up on your magazine, reading about all of the heroes you guys covered, cutting out pictures to hang on my walls, y'know. The works. Kind of mind-blowing to me that I get to be one of them, now.

HERO!: Now you'll get to inspire the next generation of heroes who are out there right now, reading about *you*.

HAWKS: Yeah, that's – [laughs] wow, that's pretty amazing to think about.

HERO!: So – how does it feel, being the No. 2 hero in all of Japan? What has life been like since the Billboard event?

HAWKS: I'll be honest, it's a bit daunting. The higher you go, the more pressure there is, and Endeavor held that spot for a pretty long time. Taking his place as number two – it's big for me, but it's a lot.

HERO!: I don't doubt it. And, speaking of Endeavor – are there any more team-ups in the future for the two of you?

HAWKS: Who knows? [laughs] I'd love to, yeah, but in the end, it's all up to him. He's number one, after all. If he calls, I'll answer.

HERO!: What's it like, working alongside him?

HAWKS: It's like a dream come true. Growing up, he was my idol. Still is. So, y'know, working with him – it's a little like touching greatness. He's so dedicated to ending crime and keeping the peace, and I really admire that. Not the most sociable co-worker I've had.. [laughs] But, he's committed to the cause and that's what really matters. I've enjoyed the times we've teamed up together, and I hope there'll be more opportunities in the future.

HERO!: We hope so, too. You two work well together.

HAWKS: Yeah, I think so too. Hopefully he thinks the same. [laughs]

HERO!: I'm sure that all of the stardom that comes with such a high Billboard ranking *also* comes with a lot of public recognition. What's it like, having such a big fanbase, now?

HAWKS: I adapted to it pretty fast, but it's still pretty weird, sometimes. I'm sure my fellow pro heroes can commiserate with me on this one – whenever you're out in public, on the clock or not, it's like everyone's eyes are on you, so that's something you've got to deal with. It's especially hard for me, because I can't exactly put on a hat and shades and go incognito with *these* [shakes wings]. But, hey, I love my fans, and I'm always happy to take pictures and chat with them. It's one of my favorite parts of the job – I get to know the people I'm protecting, and it really makes everything more... *real*, I guess. I'm a people-person.

HERO!: Any favorite fan interactions?

HAWKS: I had a girl once ask me to sign a photo someone had taken of me right after I spilled hot coffee all over myself mid-flight, which was pretty funny. And, on a more serious note, it's pretty surreal to just wake up and have Twitter notifications from fans wishing you the best. And the worst, in some cases. [laughs] I don't blame 'em.

HERO!: Sounds like you've met some interesting people.

HAWKS: Every day's a new experience.

HERO!: Well, before we wrap things up here, is there anything you'd like to tell our readers?

HAWKS: Thanks for all your support! I hope I can improve as a hero and fill Endeavor's huge shoes in the No. 2 spot. My feet are pretty small, but [laughs] I'll do my best.



@ba_tsu23

@den00318 New interview > > <https://www.heroweekly.co.jp/hero/news/no-2-pro-h...>





山本



@den00318

@ba_tsu23 i just read it.. wholesome



山本



@den00318



@ba_tsu23 imagine getting to work with your childhood hero



1



@ba_tsu23

@den00318 Hawks living the dream





山本



@den00318

@ba_tsu23 wish that were me @/hawks make me ur sidekick challenge

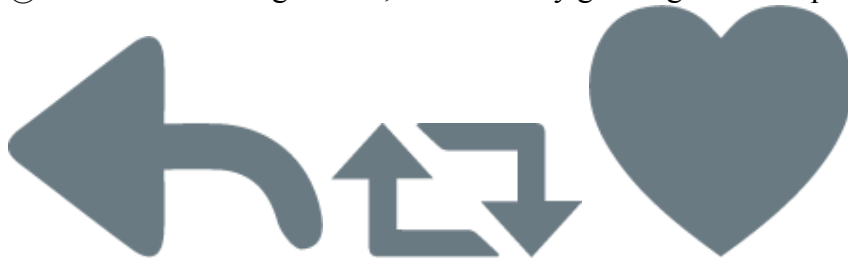


1



@ba_tsu23

@den00318 Challenge failed, he's too busy gunning to team up with endeavor to care about you



山本



@den00318

@ba_tsu23 ugh i hate it when youre right



1

Enji only lasts two days before he finds himself out once more, shopping with a single, clear goal in his mind.

He goes through store after store, trying to find *something* – something visible. Wearable. Another statement in bold, to be worn by Hawks: *mine*.

A high-end accessories store catches his attention, and he finds himself browsing their wares, picturing Hawks wearing each item he skims his fingers over. Belt? *Maybe*, Enji thinks. Ring? Not the statement he's looking to make. Earrings? *Another maybe*.

Tucked against one of the store's walls, he notices a display – a black velvet mannequin bust with a necklace looped around it. Enji inches closer, keens his eyes to the item, and feels the distinct sensation of affirmation. *This*, he thinks: dark, braided leather that loops around several times and clasps firmly in the back. A small arrowhead pendant wrought in silver hangs from the front, the fluorescent store lighting glinting off its polished surface. Enji traces his fingers down each loop of the necklace and imagines Hawks wearing it. Flaunting it in his social media posts, during photoshoots, in the magazines Enji has seen him grace the covers of.

He imagines the cord drawn taut in his heavy fist as he *yanks* it, the leather biting into the skin of Hawks's neck as Enji forces his neck back, bends him, splits him open on his thick cock and listens to the hoarse moans that force their way out of the younger man's throat as he's fucked raw. He imagines the bruises left, after – faint, but there, and Hawks wearing them proudly because Enji *knows* he gets off on that, knows that being marked is one of the things that gets Hawks unbearably hard.

Enji can picture it so perfectly in his mind's eye that he has to force himself to stop thinking before his cock tents his pants in public and he gives the paparazzi something to *really* talk about in their cheap rags.

With a wave of his hand, he flags down one of the store attendants and quickly discusses the price with him, unable to find a tag anywhere on the display; it's far more than he'd expected for such a simple-looking item, though, he concedes, the craftsmanship is superb. It's no matter to him. More than the average salaryman could afford, but Enji *isn't* the average salaryman, and with the title of number one hero comes the *pay* of a number one hero. The necklace is mere pocket change, and he gladly scribbles his signature on a check, slides it to the clerk, and departs.

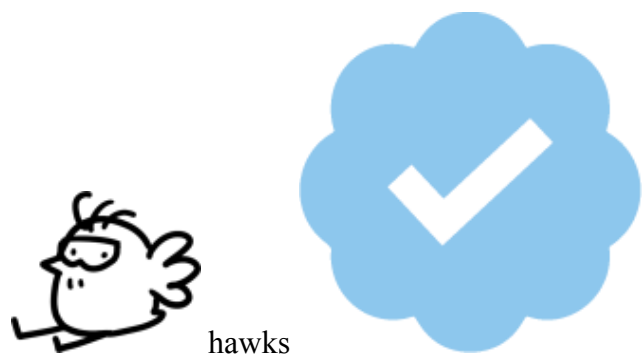
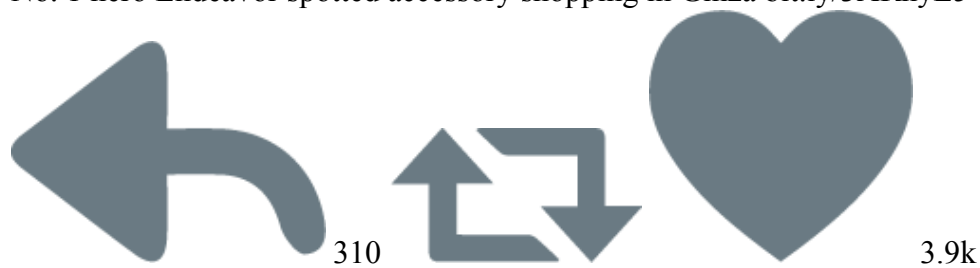


Hero_Feed

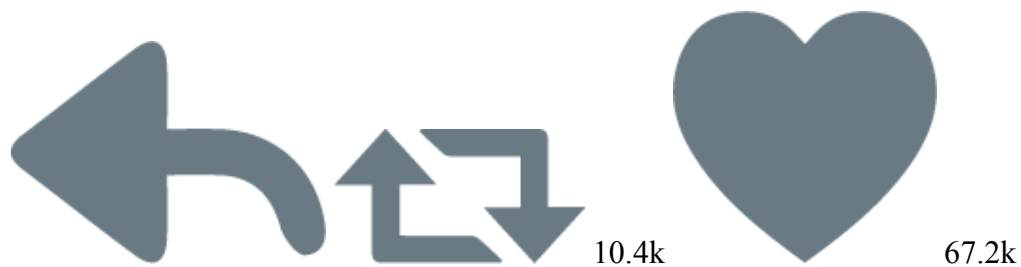


@hero_feed

No. 1 hero Endeavor spotted accessory shopping in Ginza bit.ly/3ARnyL5



@hawks
@Endeavor pic.twitter.com/Z3ta...





山本



@den00318

@ba_tsu23 lrt what is going on



1



@ba_tsu23

@den00318 It's a cool necklace



1



山本



@den00318

@ba_tsu23 i mean yeah but the endeavor tag





@ba_tsu23

@den00318 Idk maybe endeavor gave it to him





山本



@den00318



Their clothes are strewn across the room, haphazardly thrown – Enji’s shirt half-hanging from the bedside lamp, Hawks’s briefs and dark, distressed jeans in a pile on the floor by the bathroom door, socks and shoes and belts littering the ground like a breadcrumb trail all the way to the bed, further dirtying Hawks’s already-messy apartment.

Enji fists the cord of the necklace he’d purchased for the younger man in one hand, leather digging into his neck and forcing his breaths out in rasps, pulling Hawks back against him *tight*, on his knees with his ass flush against Enji’s heavy, swollen cock. He holds Hawks there, teasing him, carefully eliciting moans with brushes of his fingers against the barbels that pierce the smaller man’s nipples, the pad of his thumb circling them slowly, *tortuously*. His hand drifts down, ghosts over the golden hair that trails down his stomach, caresses bite-bruised inner thighs and gives the barest hint of a touch to the cock that strains upward, painfully neglected and the source of Hawks’s incessant writhing and begging.

“*Fuck*,” Hawks exhales, grinding his small body back against Enji’s mass. Enji’s fingers tighten around the necklace and he pulls it back further, a hint of a smirk playing upon his lips as Hawks lets out another whine that devolves into a moan. “Fuck, Enji, I—”

Another tug on the cord cuts Hawks off, and Enji leans forward, rests his chin upon the smaller man’s shoulder and presses his lips to his neck, just above the necklace. He sucks a bruising mark there, rolls the skin between his teeth and bites down enough to ensure that a mottle of faint purples and reds will have blossomed by the morning. *Mine*, the mark proclaims, just as the gifts that now adorn Hawks do.

“Do you know what you did wrong?” Enji murmurs, voice low and guttural in the crook of Hawks’s neck.

Hawks strains, tries to rock the cleft of his ass against Enji’s cock as if it’ll help his cause. “No – *ah* – no, you’re gonna have to be more specific. I’ve done – *fuck*, Enji – done a lot of things wrong in my life.”

Enji snarls, raises his free hand and brings it down on the younger man’s ass with a *smack* that resonates and leaves an angry red imprint upon Hawks’s tender skin. Hawks cries out, almost falls forward onto his hands and knees but Enji grips his hip and pulls him back, keeping their bodies pressed flush together.

“Smartass,” Enji growls.

Hawks lets out a hoarse laugh. “You love it.”

Enji cracks Hawks across the ass once more, receiving a yelp and the surprised fluttering of wings in return. “I asked you a question.”

“Are you mad that I tagged you in the – *a-ah* – the tweet?”

“Leave me out of your social media posts.”

“I just wanted to show everyone your gift,” Hawks rasps. “Let ‘em see me wearing it, and let ‘em know it came from *you*. Hoped you’d see how much I love it.”

And *oh*, hearing Hawks say that does all sorts of things to Enji’s already impossibly-swollen cock, and lust overrides his thoughts, clouds the knowledge that he should set Hawks straight about the potential implications of his posts. He doesn’t give a shit, right now; Enji wants nothing more than to bury his cock in Hawks and fuck him like the hole he is.

“Don’t do it again,” is all Enji says, letting up on the pressure of the leather necklace in his grip.

Hawks takes a deep breath, grinds his ass against Enji’s cock again. “Fine, fine. I’m sorry.”

“What was that?”

“I’m sorry, *sir*,” Hawks says, the last letter of the word drawn out into a deep-throated moan as Enji finally wraps his hand around Hawks’s aching cock and gives him the relief he’s desired.

“That’s what I thought, boy.”

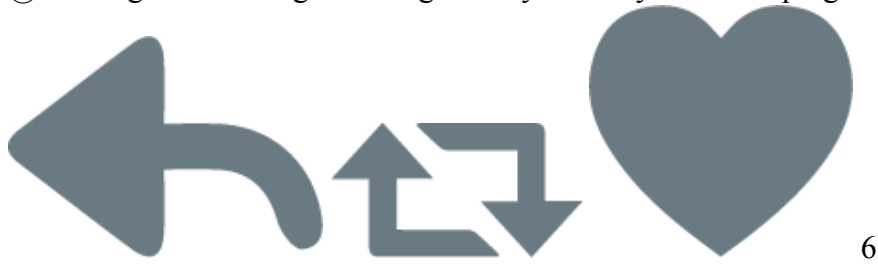


山本



@den00318

@hawks good morning! have a good day! thank you for keeping us safe. fight on!!



6

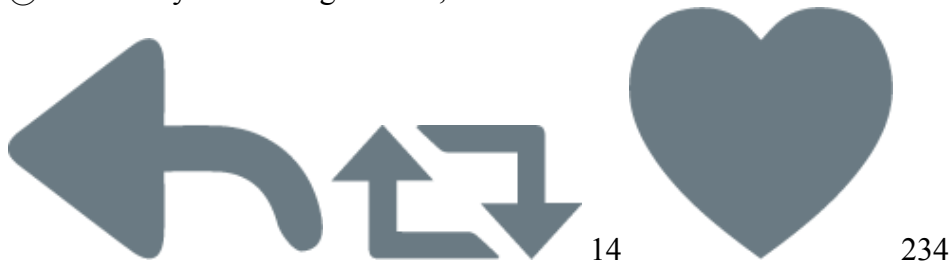


hawks



@hawks

@den00318 you have a good one, too



14

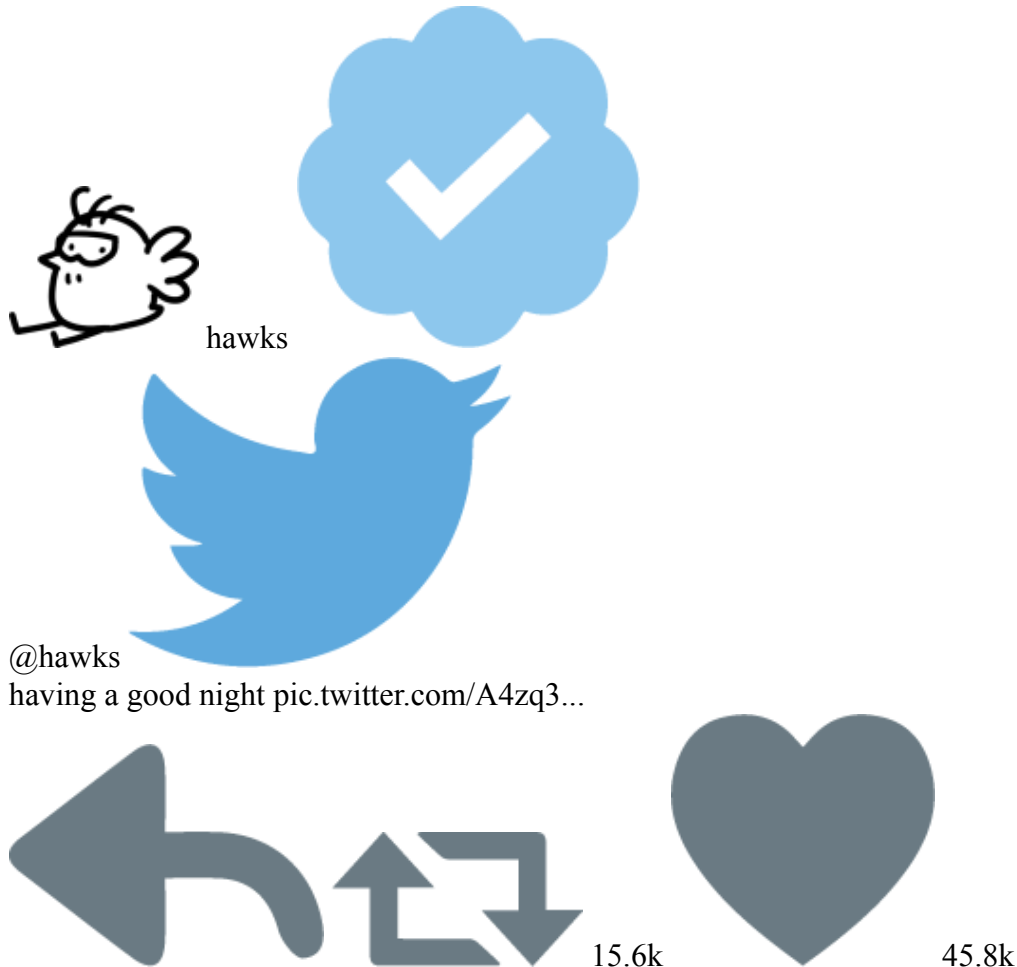
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Enji finds his attention wandering throughout the week, mind constantly straying to the single, godforsaken person that has been *plaguing* his thoughts. It's a constant litany of *what next*, a mental catalogue of expensive things he wants to buy for Hawks, wants to see the other hero wear knowing it came from *him*.

His afternoon of off-the-clock busywork becomes monotonous, and he strays from the seemingly ever-growing mountain of long-neglected paperwork that sits upon his desk, drifting to the open browser on his laptop. Enji finds himself pulling up the webpage of a menswear line he knows well, acclaimed for the quality of their clothing and the cost that accompanies it. He clicks through pages of tailored, attractive attire, peruses sweaters and shirts and pants, none of which seem to fit the gaudy style that Hawks is so fond of.

Another click brings him to catalogue of outerwear, and he scrolls down, down, down, eyes flitting over jean jackets and blazers and bombers. All the way down, until the scrollbar hits an end and Enji sees the last row – a small collection of leather jackets. He clicks on one that absolutely yells *Hawks*: a rough, vintage-looking brown number, slim in fit. The back will have to be tailored to accommodate his wings, but that's of little issue. He'll get it done.

Enji adds it to his cart and doesn't once glance at the price as he checks out, his mind filled only with thoughts of how absolutely fuckable Hawks will look wearing his latest gift.





山本



@den00318

WHAT



1



@ba_tsu23

Who...



1



山本



@den00318

@ba_tsu23 ?? who?? is holding him in that pic??





@ba_tsu23

@den00318 Mystery man..





山本



@den00318

@ba_tsu23 wow hawks.. king.. live your best life



The moment Enji opens the picture, he *fumes*. He can feel hellflame licking at his cheeks, spitting sparks and crackling angrily as it curls around his face, ignites upon his skin and smolders, and the fact that it's *Hawks* – teasing, irritating, alluring Hawks – that incites such a potent involuntary reaction in Enji only makes him blaze *more*.

He holds his phone in one heated hand and stares down at the photo Hawks had tweeted mere moments ago (and mentally laments his decision to turn on notifications for Hawks's tweets, though he'd never admit that to anyone) with gritted teeth and a tight, constricting feeling in his chest. It's a bit blurry and grainy, and the flash in the foreground against the dark backdrop of what appears to be a club makes it hard to discern some details, but the focus of the picture is clear – Hawks, a lazy grin upon his face and a wing extended outward in a lopsided fashion as he stares at the camera with half-lidded eyes and a drink in one hand, the other wrapped around the shoulders of a larger, anonymous man, only half in the frame. Faceless. Nameless. But half is enough for Enji, and he seethes as his eyes rake over the picture, the unknown man (taller than Hawks by a notable amount, well-muscled, biceps straining the bit of shirt he can see, and *fuck*, either Hawks has a type or he's purposely trying to enrage Enji) pressed flush against Hawks, hip-to-hip, one broad arm wrapped around the smaller man's waist, around the *jacket*, palm pressed to the top of Hawks's slim thigh.

Enji fumes at the sight of Hawks being touched, *held* by another so casually, and that single thought that has plagued him since this *thing* started burns in his mind: *Mine*.

Hawks

Where are you.

out

Hawks.

out at a club

Meet me at your place in 30.

i'm having fun tho



That wasn't a suggestion.

are you mad

you seem mad

is this about the pic i just posted



Who is that in it

nobody you need to know

i was hoping you'd see it and get all riled up like you do

mission accomplished



Hurry up.

god, this cab is taking way too fucking long

i'm already getting hard just thinking about your cock in me

fuck it, i'm gonna fly. omw, be there in 10

Enji, having let himself in with the spare key he'd been given, is already waiting inside the apartment when Hawks bursts through the door, shuts it, and leans back against it, chest heaving.

He takes in the sight of Hawks – hair and wings in disarray from his swift flight, eyes glinting fever-bright with lust, the jacket Enji had bought him hanging haphazardly off one shoulder over another of his stupidly low-cut tanktops. The desire simmering in Enji's gut *blazes* and he stalks across the room, a predator on the hunt, and pins Hawks to the door. marvels at how the smaller man seems to instinctively shrink beneath his bulk, how Hawks bites down on his lower lip and rolls it between his teeth, hand drifting to tease his own hardening cock.

"I take it you liked the picture?" Hawks says, a grin dancing upon his lips.

"I did not," Enji snarls, taking both of Hawks's wrists easily in one hand and pinning them above his head, "*like the picture.*"

"I posted it just for you, though," Hawks replies, a mockingly whining lilt to his words. The grin doesn't leave him, even with Enji's massive fist clenching his wrists together above him with bruising force. It only seems to grow wider as Hawks senses Enji's mounting vexation.

“You let strangers in clubs touch you like that? Do you let them fuck you, too? I didn’t realize you were such a little slut.”

Hawks tilts his head back against the door with a *thunk*, lips parted as exhales a soft moan at Enji’s words. His lithe body writhes, hips trying to make contact with something, anything, attempting to relieve some of the ache in his cock, but Enji keeps his distance and doesn’t give Hawks the satisfaction.

“What’s it to you?” Hawks shoots back. “Don’t recall this being an exclusive thing. Thought we were just fuckbuddies. Unless…”

His words trail off, knowing eyes keening to Enji’s gaze and a smug look creeping upon his face. “*Ooh*, I see, now. Big, bad Endeavor doesn’t like to share his toys, huh?”

Enji’s grip tightens like iron around Hawks’s wrists, eliciting a yelp of mixed pain and pleasure. “Don’t act like you know me, brat.”

“Oh, but I *do*,” Hawks replies. “We’ve been working together, doing *this* long enough that I’d like to think I have a sense of who you are, now. Admit it. You don’t want to share.”

Hawks rocks his hips forward, and this time he doesn’t distance himself, allows the smaller man to grind against Enji’s fat cock through his pants, a satisfied moan drawing itself from his lips. “You want me to yourself?” Hawks murmurs, warm, alcohol-laced breath curling against Enji’s cheek. “I’m *all yours*, baby.”

All restraint that had been holding Enji back from carrying Hawks to the bed and fucking him face-first into the mattress the moment he’d walked through the door vanishes; those words are the breaking point, and they rattle in Enji’s mind as he wraps his hands around Hawks’s slim waist, hoists him up against the door until they’re face-to-face, and crushes his lips against the younger man’s in a bruising kiss; *I’m all yours, baby*.

Enji doesn’t break the kiss until Hawks is squirming against him, lips swollen and eyes wild as he spreads his thighs wide to accommodate Enji’s massive torso, attempts to hook his legs around the older man’s back and rut against him. Hawks is panting, breathless, but he greedily brings their mouths together once more, bites down on Enji’s lower lip and rolls it beneath his teeth, tongue darting out to lave over the bruised spot a moment later. Enji growls at the other’s presumptuousness, pulls away and buries his face in Hawks’s neck, trailing angry, bruising bites over his skin with relentless force that has Hawks bucking and writhing in his arms as the mark he left upon Enji is repaid fivefold upon himself.

It finally becomes too much – the violent kisses, Hawks’s desperate attempts to find relief, Enji’s cock, heavy and aching and straining against the zipper of his pants – and Enji carries Hawks to the bed and throws the other down upon it.

“*Fuck*,” Hawks exhales, spread-eagling upon the mattress breathlessly as Enji straddles him, knees on either side of his hips, a looming mass above the other man’s slight form. “God, I couldn’t stop thinking about this all night. I knew you’d get angry when you saw that picture. Couldn’t stop thinking about how much I wanted your cock in me, wanted you to make me – *nnh* – make me *yours*.”

Enji pulls off his own pants, shucks his underwear and lets his cock spring free, thick and heavy and straining against his belly; he inwardly smirks at the hungry look on Hawks’s face as he

beholds it, the rock of his hips against the bed as he struggles to get his own jeans off.

“I’m going to make you mine,” he growls, guttural, yanking the other man’s jeans and briefs off his body, hooking a hand in the neckline of the liquor-spattered tanktop Hawks wears and tearing it from his torso in one forceful motion until he’s left wearing nothing but the expensive leather jacket that Enji had purchased for him. “I’m going to ruin you, Hawks.”

“That was one of my favorite shirts,” Hawks pouts, eyes flitting to the ruined scrap of fabric that Enji had flung to the ground.

Enji presses his hips flush to Hawks, takes both of their cocks in his hand and works them together in rough strokes, thumb swiping across the weeping head of Hawks’s cock and teasing it until Hawks is bucking into his palm and fisting the bedsheets, wings flaring on either side of him with stuttered pleasure. “I’ll buy you another one,” Enji replies. “I’ll buy you ten more. Twenty. However many you want.”

“I like the sound of that.”

Enji’s hands slide up the smaller man’s torso, and in their wake he leaves a trail of hot kisses, up, up, up until his mouth is upon one of Hawks’s peaked nipples, tongue teasing the silver barbell that pierces it while he rolls the other between thumb and forefinger. Hawks writhes beneath him, rolls his hips and grinds their cocks together once more, head pressing back into the mattress and a litany of deep-throated moans escaping his lips as Enji worships him with his mouth.

“Fuck me,” Hawks whines, his small hands scrabbling for purchase around Enji’s neck. “Need you. Need you in me.”

“Beg,” Enji orders.

Hawks, as always, acquiesces, pliant to all of Enji’s demands. “*Please, Enji, fuck me.*” The words come out in a pant, a hoarse plea for relief. “God, I want you. Need your cock *so bad*, please, make me *yours*.”

Enji rolls off him momentarily, reaches into the nightstand and swipes one of the bottles of lube he knows Hawks keeps in there. Uncapping it, he blindly squeezes out a palmful, slicks up his cock and his fingers and brings his digits to Hawks, scissoring him open – one, two, three fingers in quick succession, stretching him wide enough to accommodate Enji’s substantial girth, then adding a fourth just to tease more noises out of Hawks, make him beg more for the cock he wants so bad.

Then he’s pressing Hawks into the mattress, spreading his thighs wide and entering him slowly, gradually, splitting him open inch-by-inch and relishing the sinful sounds that come from Hawks as he takes Enji’s entire cock like a perfect, needy whore, legs hooking around Enji’s waist and heels digging into the swell of his ass, trying to impale himself further, take Enji *deeper*.

Enji pulls out until just the head of his cock remains inside Hawks, and he drinks in the sight before him – Hawks, begging breathlessly and spread wide upon the bed, mottled bite-marks littering his neck and sweat-slicked collarbones, hair mussed and lips red and kiss-swollen. Red wings encircle them, primary feathers brushing Enji’s back in the barest whisper of a touch, arching beautifully in the air as Hawks grinds down on Enji’s dick. He’s the vision of perfect, beautiful ecstasy, and seeing Hawks reduced to a begging mess by the cock buried inside him only makes the desire that burns within Enji’s gut blaze *more*.

Enji snaps his hips forward, sheathing himself fully within Hawks once more and setting a hard rhythm that has Hawks bouncing against the mattress and the frame of the bed beating against the wall.

He slides his hands behind Hawks's back and grips the base of his wings – firm, but careful not to injure them – as he thrusts in again and again, fucking him open with unrelenting, agonizing force. “Whose are you, boy?” Enji snarls beside the other man's ear, slamming deep into his core *again* and *again* and *again* until he knows Hawks won't be able to walk straight in the morning.

“Yours,” Hawks hiccups, his fingernails biting into Enji's broad back, doing his best to cling to the massive man as he's fucked within an inch of his sanity. “Yours, yours, yours, I'm *yours*, Enji.”

Enji lets out a guttural noise of satisfaction and rams his cock against the sweet spot he knows will turn Hawks into an utter mess. He hits it with each thrust, driving into Hawks and using one hand to grip his cock and roughly pump it until, finally, Hawks collapses upon the bed, his own release spattered upon his stomach and jacket. Enji's hips continue to roll into him, driving his thick cock deep into Hawks's boneless body until he feels his own orgasm wash over him, hips stuttering and his release filling the younger man. “*Mine*,” he growls.

Panting, he pulls his cock out and watches his come dribble out of Hawks's abused hole. He collapses beside the other, utterly spent; when Hawks curls up against him like a needy cat, head pillowed upon one of Enji's pectorals and slim legs twining with limbs twice their size, Enji doesn't push him away, doesn't mind. He wraps an arm around the smaller man and holds him there, fingers tracing the material of the now come-stained leather jacket, and silence lulls between them.

Hawks is the first to break it, voice muffled against Enji's chest. “God, I should tweet shit like that more often now that I know this is how you'll react.”

“Don't push your luck.”

Hawks cranes his neck to look up at Enji, a sly smirk upon his face. “So this *does* technically make you my sugar daddy, right? That's hot.”

“Go the fuck to sleep, Hawks.”

End Notes

the code for this fic spanned 54 pages on gdocs so I hope you enjoyed this labor of endhawks love

title taken from a cobra starship song by the same name

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